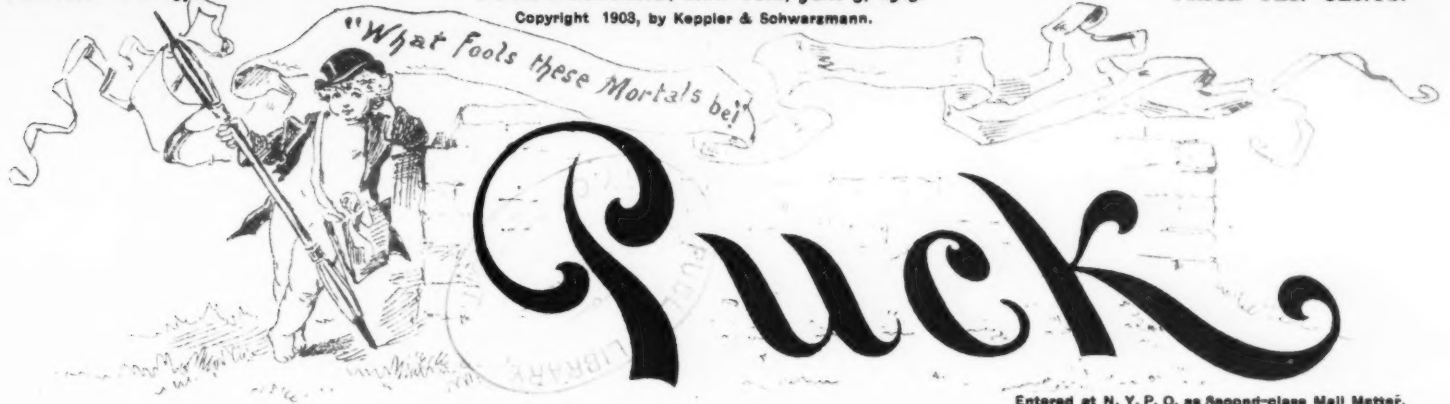


VOL. LIII. No. 1370.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, June 3, 1903.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



IT CAN'T BE SHUT OFF.

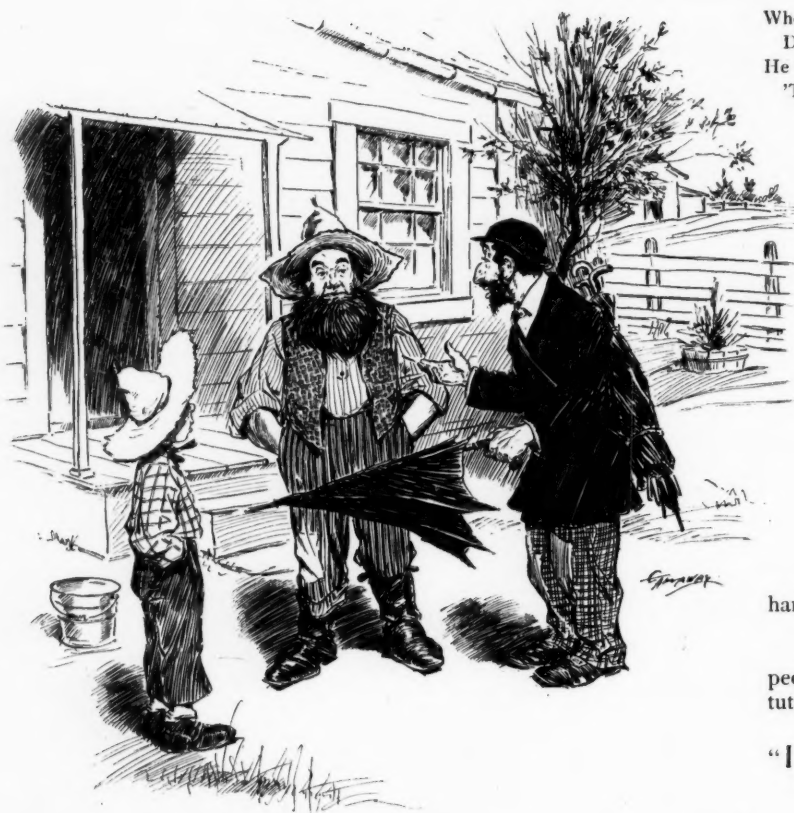


Who struck brave William Patterson,
Down South, and hurt him badly so
He ne'er returned to tell the tale?
'T was surely that tough man John Doe.

Who sits behind a paneled door
Where gamblers royster to and fro,
And disappears when axemen strike?
Once more it is that man John Doe

Johannes Doe, my Jo, John,
Within the glare and glow,
Forever more you 'll ply your trade,
Johannes Doe—John Doe.

J. J. M.



A CONVINCING ASSURANCE.

"But you can't tell me it's a new umbrella."
"Not at all! Of gourse not. But it's der very
latest t'ing in second-hand umbrellas!"

THE MAN INVISIBLE.

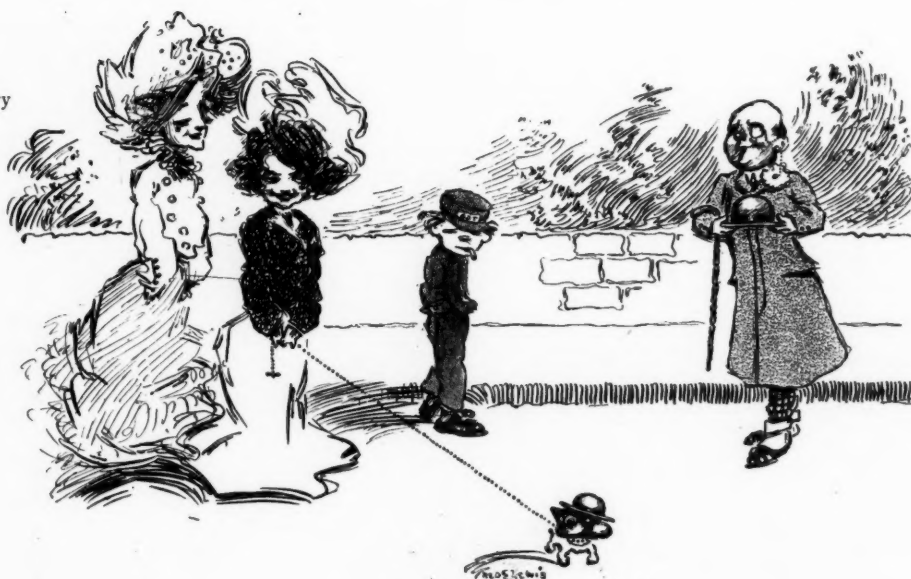


Who prompted Brutus when he aimed
At Cæsar's heart that fatal blow?
Who, but that man of ill repute,
Johannes Doe—John Doe.

Who let the Normans in when they
To Britain's shores came years ago?
It was that self-same wicked wight,
A man named Doe—John Doe.

Who steered the "Flying Dutchman's" crew
To graft and pillage in the flow
Of ocean's wave? The novelists
Well claim it was John Doe.

Who made good Rip Van Winkle drunk
On mountain crests where sleeps the crow?
Who but a Holland sailor bad—
Mynheer John Doe—John Doe.



FORTUNATE FOR CHOLLY.

"Why, here's Cholly. His Uncle has died out West and left him half a
million! Lucky boy!"
"Yes; is n't he? The Uncle had n't seen Cholly since he was a small child."

THE VERSATILE OTTOMAN.

"Well, I declare! Another Turkish atrocity."
"Rug, cigarette or massacre?"

COMPLIMENT.

Ah, yes, she would be his.
As the duke rose from his knees he thrust a packet into the
hand of the heiress, his fiancée. She looked up at him in wonder.
"Trading stamps," said he, simply.
"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed, thinking not so much of the
pecuniary gain, however, as of the delicate compliment to the insti-
tutions of her country.

"I CARE NOT who makes the autos of the nation," said the man who
had just received a check, "provided I make the repairs!"

PUCK



PROSPERITY'S DISADVANTAGES.

UNCLE TIMROD TARPV.—Confound these 'ere good times, says I! Bizniz is so brisk that it's got so's a feller can't skurcelly drop into Hi Price's store no more to hev a game o' checkers with him, and play more 'n a couple o' hours at a stretch, without three, four people comin' in and wantin' Hi to put down the board and wait on 'em for something that like as not—b'heck!—they could git jist as well the next day, if they only thought so!

DOCTORS.

There are doctors of medicine, doctors of law and doctors of divinity, to say nothing of doctors of philosophy and veterinary science.

All doctors look alike to the ignorant. In the celebrated dark ages, before America, gunpowder and breakfast foods were discovered, people had about as much faith in doctors of divinity as in doctors of medicine.

People used to worry some as to who should decide when doctors fell out. The difficulty no longer occurs. Doctors have now fallen into such a pudding that they are very careful not to fall out.

WEAK SOLUTIONS may answer in chemistry, but are never permanently acceptable in politics.

WE ALL have our trials, but it looks as if the prosecution were extremely weak in some cases.



HIS OBJECTION.

"Mr. Dachshund is awfully nice, is n't he?"
"Well, yes; but I don't like his perspective."

CLEANLINESS.

I marveled at the cleanliness of the people I saw in my prophetic vision.

Particularly was I struck with the immaculate faces and hands of the children of the slums.

Could it be New York, after all?

My mentor divined my perplexity.

"Real estate," he explained, "is become so valuable that only the very rich can afford to be dirty."

A singular vindication of the commercial spirit distrusted in our day, thought I.

IN KENTUCKY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Six men shot up the road in an election dispute.

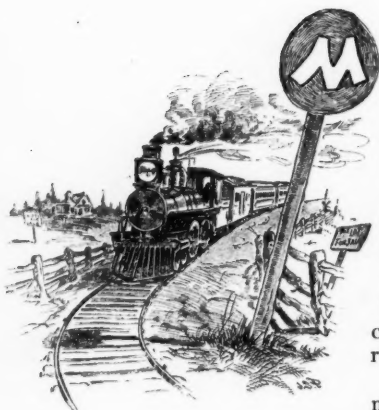
SECOND CITIZEN.—Too bad, is n't it?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Well, it does n't make so much difference. Each side lost three; so it won't affect the result.

Adam and Eve should feel proud to have been the ancestors of so many excellent old families.

PUCK

THE MEMOIRS OF A YARD ENGINE.



MY EARLIEST recollections are those of a low, flat-roofed building. I know it now by its real name, round-house; but in former days, before experience came to teach me, it was just the roomy, steam-heated lodgings of grown-up locomotives; powerful, handsome fellows that excited my youthful envy and admiration.

"Some day," was my hopeful, but secret, thought, "I, too, will grow up. Then will I be released from this noisy, crowded place and be allowed to take daily runs outside, like father and mother."

Oh, yes! I possessed a father and mother. And right good they were to me; too. My father, whose driving wheels were the biggest I had ever seen, used to pull the great limited mail, the pride of the road. My mother, a graceful beauty, had a lighter but scarcely less important task, in hauling a popular express. For both of them I used to wait daily near the yard limits and, allowing them to pass, would follow the last car to the train shed, clanging my bell the while from sheer joy.

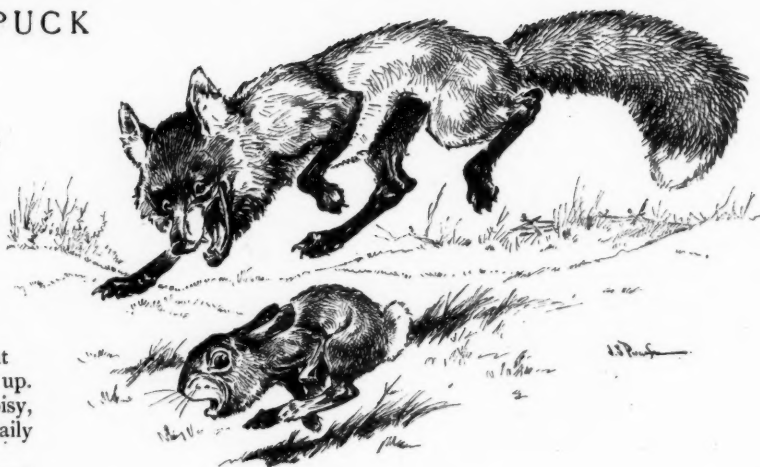
"Hello, little chap," my father would sing out—to men, of course, it was merely the chortle of exhaust,—“how have things gone with my pony engine to-day? Have n't wrecked any cars, I hope; or missed any switches?”

Then, with a laugh, he would let go of the head end of his train and permit me to couple on to the rear. It was a proud moment, I can tell you, when, the way being clear, I would run up the siding with father's cars and leave them at the cleaners to be swept and dusted. Then I would return and wait for mother.

She was very different from father. He was big and boisterous, like Uncle Mogul on the fast freight; but mother—Ah! She was so quiet and refined that, almost without a sound, she would slip every morning down to her train and make ready for her journey. And it was at these times that she would talk to me—talk to me as only a mother may.

"I can't be with you every minute," she would say, "to tell you just how a well-bred locomotive should behave. I have tried my best to teach you; but now you are old enough to think for yourself. Some grumblers will tell you, if you let them, that there is no chance nowadays for ambitious young engines; that the merging of railroads has made the locomotive a mere machine; but do not permit such stories to affect your conduct. Nothing is to be gained, I am sure, by shirking or bad acting. Do right, make steam quickly, start easily, and in running do not jounce your crew to pieces. The name of being a rough rider, while it may signify much to men, is a severe handicap upon any young engine that has its way to make."

My mother schooled me also in those little niceties of deportment which, more than anything else, distinguish the engine of breeding from



QUITE BENEFICIAL.

THE FOX.—This is fine exercise, my friend!

THE RABBIT.—Not for me!

THE FOX.—No, but for me. It's giving me an appetite!

the boor. That was why, in all I did, I tried to be courteous and considerate. Unless it was absolutely unavoidable, I never sent steam through my cylinder cocks while aged people were near me on the platform. Again, by the same rule, I endeavored to keep my cinders to myself, while as for whistling in the yard, why, except on the rarest occasions, I would as soon have thought of jumping the track.

Thus, as you see, my early life was well cared for and I had every expectation of a bright and progressive future. That sudden disaster would reduce our family fortunes I could not then foretell.

One night, while I stood in the upper yard, waiting for father's return, my throttle was suddenly opened and, greatly to my surprise, I found myself speeding—much faster than I thought I could run—over the main line. There were several strange men in my cab, beside the crew, and one of them I heard remark:

"It's a mercy no one was hurt; but, as it was, the cars kept the track. Old 58, though, is pretty well cut up."

Old 58! That was my father's number. For a moment I thought I should leave the rails. My wheels spun under me and I all but lost my grip. It took a liberal application of sand to restore me and then, with a succession of spasmodic exhausts, I made faster time than ever.

I will not burden you with details. It was, as I had supposed, a wreck; not a bad one, I learned, but to me, who had never seen one, bad enough. My father, at the head of his train, had collided with the rear of a freight, as it was making a siding. No humans were hurt, for which I was very thankful; but father—Ah! he was severely shaken. His head-light was smashed; his smoke-stack dented; his pilot split and one cylinder head cracked. Still, he thought not of himself.

"If you see your mother before I do," he cautioned me, "tell her not to worry, Pony. This is nothing. A mere



VARIETY.

"There's nothing in this book but love and matrimony."

"Well, that's variety enough to suit the average reader."

PUCK



TWO EXPLANATIONS.

"Well, he's been twenty years in politics and he's a poor man."
 "Honest man or did he blow in his money?"

scratch, that's all." And, obeying him, that was all I told her. Yet, in spite of my assurances, she sighed through her brake hose and wished from the bottom of her boiler that she could be with him.

Well, they brought father to the division hospital, reset his rivets and gave him every attention possible; so, for a while, we hoped for the best. He came out in a week or two and took his old run; but, somehow or other, he seemed depressed. He tired easily. He spoke little to me; but once, in the round house, I heard him remark to mother:

"I'm afraid, my dear, I'm threatened with locomotive ataxia. On my last trip I made time only with the greatest difficulty—and my gait has become positively labored."

My mother's reply I could not well make out. Indeed, I doubt if she made any, as they were then interrupted by Uncle Mogul, of the fast freight, who stuck his head light in the round house door and bluffly inquired: "How is the patient to-day?"

Nothing happened, however, till two mornings after, when a strange engine took father's run and several grave-looking men

came out to look him over. They remained with him for some time and then appeared to have reached a conclusion. That night father steamed slowly away.

"The company is sending him off for his health," my mother explained to me; "the air inland will do him good."

And thus, for a long while, I believed it to be. I did not know—my mother did not tell me—that father, once the famed guardian of the fast mail, was hauling a gravel train at Balsam Siding. No; that I did not learn till later, when the news came to me abruptly through the coarse jests of my fellow yard engines.

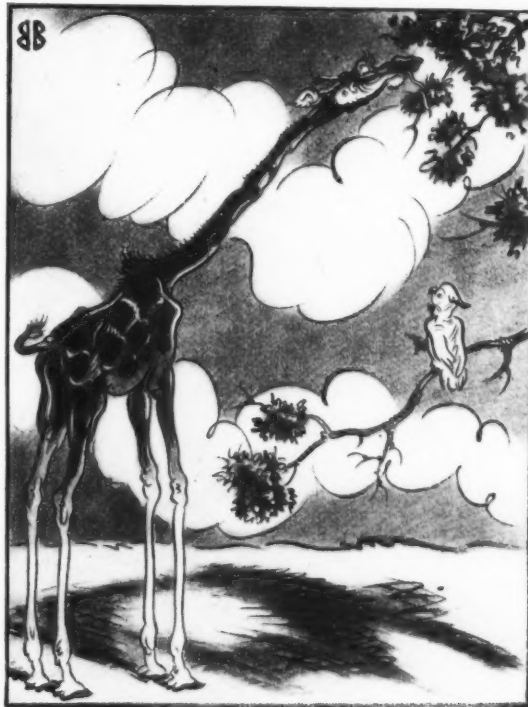
"Ho! Ho! There he goes!" snorted one of them, as I shunted a train of empty Pullmans toward a flying switch. "His old man's got the heaves and is doin' time."

"What do you mean?" I inquired, indignantly. "Father is recuperating at the company's expense!"

"Recuperatin', hey?" replied my insolent associate. "He's workin' eighteen hours a day, pullin' flat cars, if yer call *that* recuperatin'."

"And, what's more," spoke up another, "he's booked for sale to the Salt Creek Route."

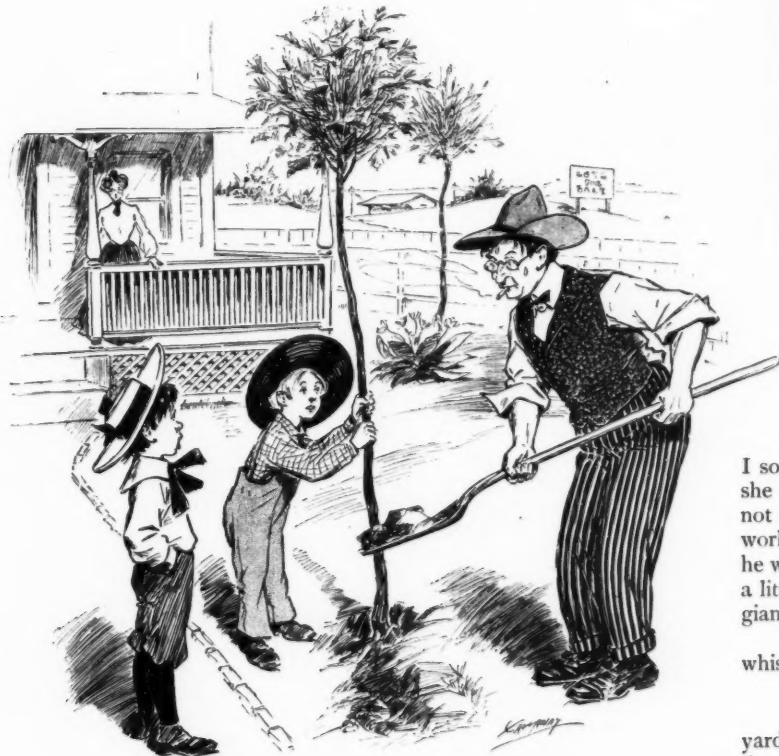
Chagrined and pained beyond measure, I could not believe it.



ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY.

THE COCKATOO.—But I don't see how you ever manage to swallow all that distance.

THE GIRAFFE.—Oh! I don't bother about swallowing. I trust entirely to the *Laws of Gravitation*.



BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.

HIS LITTLE SON.—I guess I know why you bought this place, Papa.

THE SUBURBANITE.—Why?

HIS LITTLE SON.—'Cause you did n't know there was so much work about it.

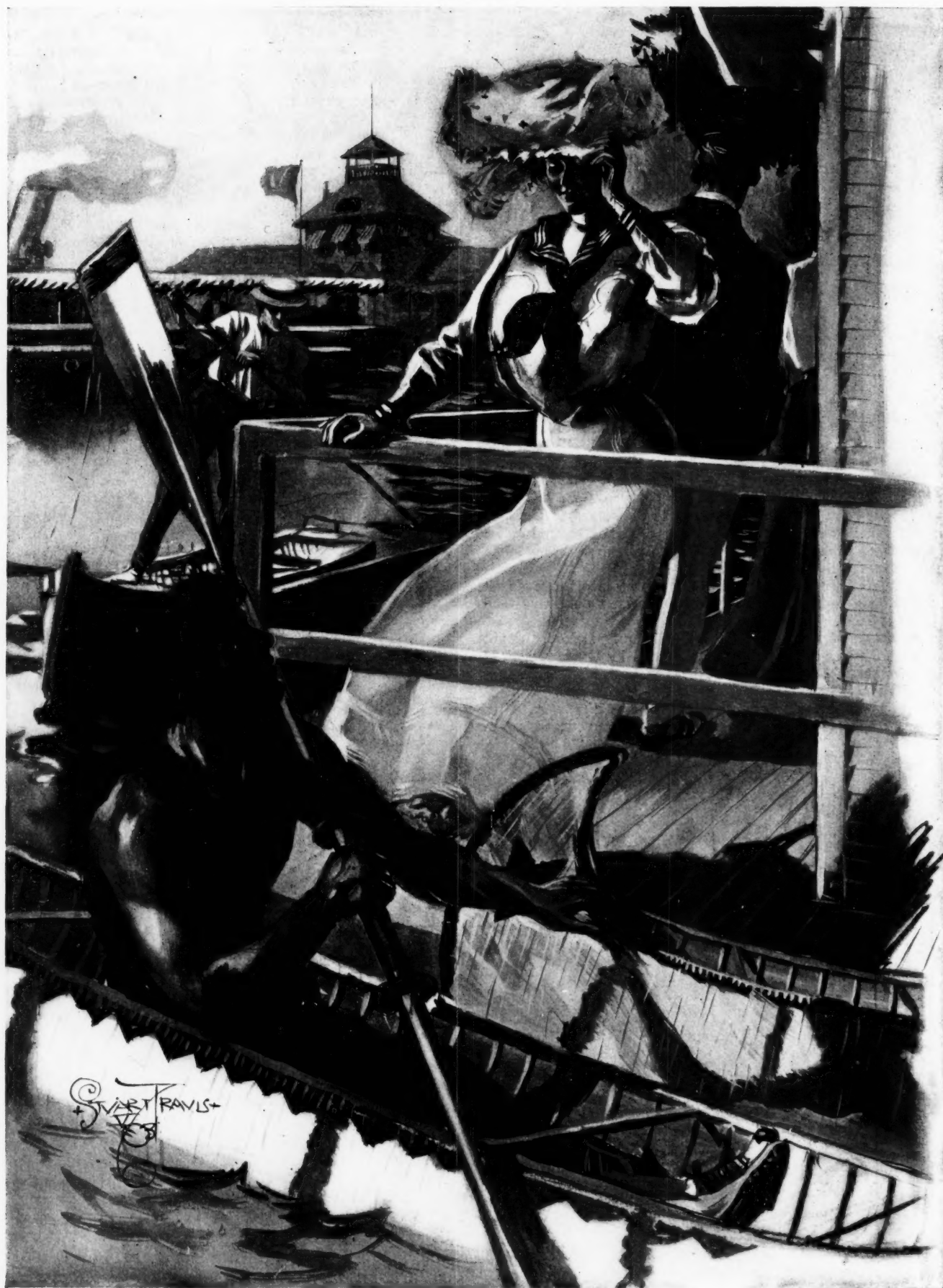
I sought my mother and asked her to tell me the truth. Reluctantly she did so, finishing just before her departure. She said she had not seen father since he left, but had heard of his whereabouts and work from my Uncle Mogul. She did not know, she said, whether he would ever return or not. Then she sighed;—yes, sighed, though a little boy who, with an elderly gentleman, had been looking at her giant drivers, cried gayly:

"Come, Grandpa, we must get aboard! There go those funny, whistling air-brakes."

Well, well, that day was several years ago. And I am still a yard engine: trundling, shunting, switching cars, Pullmans, smokers, day coaches alike. In fact, I've given up all hope of getting an outside run and shall probably live my life out here in the yard. My mother, too, is aging and needs my presence. She has been taken off the popular express and put on an easy local schedule.

As for father, he is still in the gravel business, so my Uncle Mogul informs me.

Arthur H. Folwell.



NO DRIFTING MATCH.

MISS TOPSLE.—Miss Spooner canoeing with *you*? Why, I thought she had drifted into love with Bertie Bellevue!

WATERMAN, '04.—She did. But she got out of it in a forty knot gale with lee scuppers under.

Too often, unfortunately, what the farmer sows the bunco man reaps.



PUCK

PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MYSTERIES IN MASSES. OF BRYAN'S recent statements, the frankest, by long odds, is that which he addressed to a local contemporary. In it, in response to a query, he summed up compactly the problem of the candidates and jotted down, as deftly, several schemes for his party's use. "If it wants to bid," said he, "for the support of the plutocratic element, it will nominate a Gold Democrat; if it wants to bid for the support of the Masses, it will nominate a Silver Democrat." And so forth, with equal candor. What else Mr. Bryan touched upon, however, while interesting and diverting, is not essential here. Something so vitally important is embodied in the given extract that all other considerations, arguments and bickerings are temporarily dwarfed. What is Bryan's conception of "a mass?" He declares unmistakably that Democracy, to gain the support of "the Masses," must nominate a disciple of Silver. Hence, the dire necessity for a definition. Judging from the last two presidential campaigns, Mr. Bryan's understanding of the word "Masses" is in inverse ratio to that possessed by the average unabridged dictionary. Twice a Silver candidate himself, Bryan both times represented what he clearly implies the next nominee must be; and twice did he demonstrate, when the returns came in, that Masses, in no sense, are invariably synonymous with majorities. The inability to see this fine discrepancy has already caused Mr. Bryan much pain and annoyance and from all indications, it will shortly cause him much more. In fact, "the Masses," whose support next year a Silver Democrat would bid for, according to Mr. Bryan, would treat such a candidate to the same sweeping minority, with which they honored his persistent predecessor. Consequently, no reorganizer need fume or worry. Masses, under Mr. Bryan's tutelage, have an odd habit of becoming either misses or messes; and not infrequently, both.

THE RASHNESS OF PENNYPACKER.

IN Governor Pennypacker's defense of the Pennsylvania Gag Law, there was one imprudent section. It was where, in the firmness of his will and the fullness of his sense of justice, he enumerated the number and variety of folks for whom the new law meant redress. In the first place, he named the corporation officer and following in turn, he mentioned the manufacturer, the student, the quiet citizen, the merchant, as well as all others who, falsely accused by the press, may sue for and secure full damages under the beneficent Salus-Grady act. Now, on the face of it, there is nothing imprudent about such generous forethought. Indeed, it is only when we diagnose that a complete realization is possible of the Governor's rashness. Dismissing as immaterial the fact that, for all such libel as he specified, ample and

satisfying redress has all along been obtainable and that a bill to make burglary a crime, he might just as sensibly have signed, we come to that part of Pennypacker's plea which may prove his undoing. When we recall, calmly and without prejudice, that the corporation officer, the manufacturer, the student, the clergyman, the quiet citizen and the rest are members of that vast, but sadly disorganized body, facetiously known as "the public," then does the entire significance of Pennypacker's imprudence appear. A Pennsylvania governor, a machine-made governor, a Quay-bound governor has presumed to be considerate of the public's rights. Put in office by corruptionists, whose motto has been, is and always will be "the public be damned," this naive executive names public safety and public peace of mind as the ends which prompted his action. Poor Pennypacker! Even the fact that he is related to his employer may not save him.

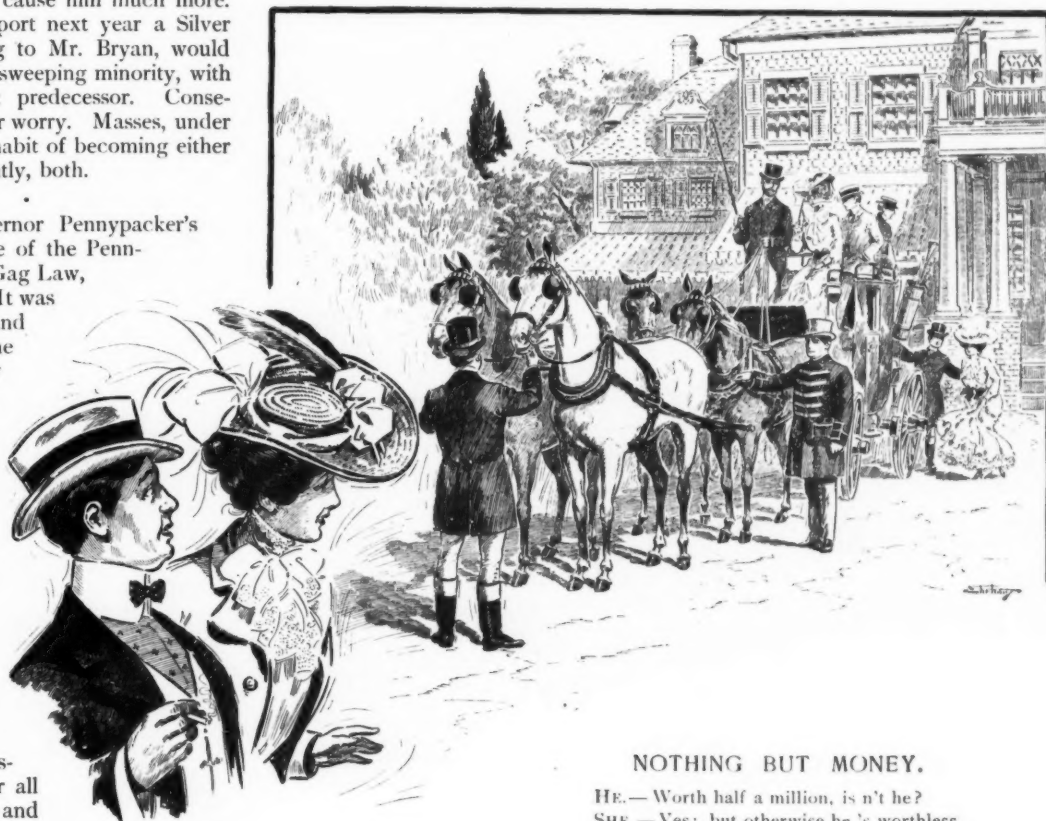
MERELY AS TO PROOFS. IF DISCORD in future is to be minimized and the government's Philippine policy attended by fewer jolts, some definite agreement is necessary regarding what constitutes "proof." At present, in determining the matter, there is a deplorable lack of unanimity; a difference of opinion, moreover, which Time shows slight inclination to settle. Therefore, irrespective of Time's intention, would it not be desirable to settle the thing ourselves, right now, and declare in a frank, broad-minded way that henceforth there will be recognized two kinds of proof: Legal proof and Philippine proof. Legal proof, as heretofore, will be based on that just and temperate maxim: man is innocent till guilt is proven. Philippine proof, on the other hand, will admit of no such iniquitous loop-hole; and that man only will be labelled innocent, whom the most thorough and enthusiastic prosecution has failed to make guilty. By this means, will a sharp distinction be drawn. The strength of our domestic courts, hearsay evidence will not undermine; while legal evidence, conducive to common justice, will refrain from disturbing, or in the smallest way, annoying, the industrious Anti-Imperialist.

A TRIBUTE.

THE LAWYER. — Oh, yes, nearly all the European monarchs are constitutional monarchs.

HIS LITTLE SON. — I'll bet you could prove that every one of them is unconstitutional, Pa!

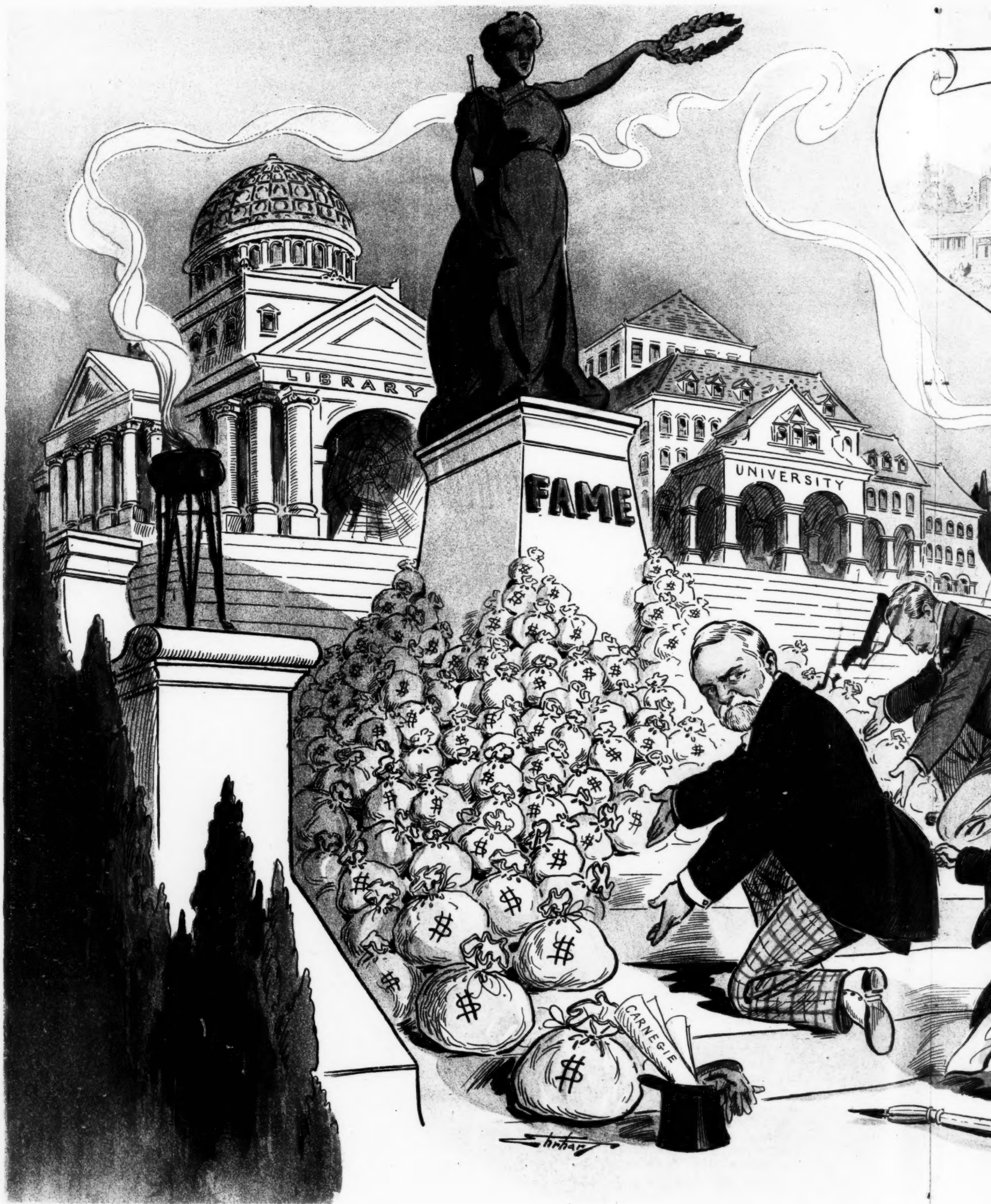
THE AVERAGE statesman is naturally slow to predict a bright future for his country unless he can see himself in it.



NOTHING BUT MONEY.

HE. — Worth half a million, is n't he?

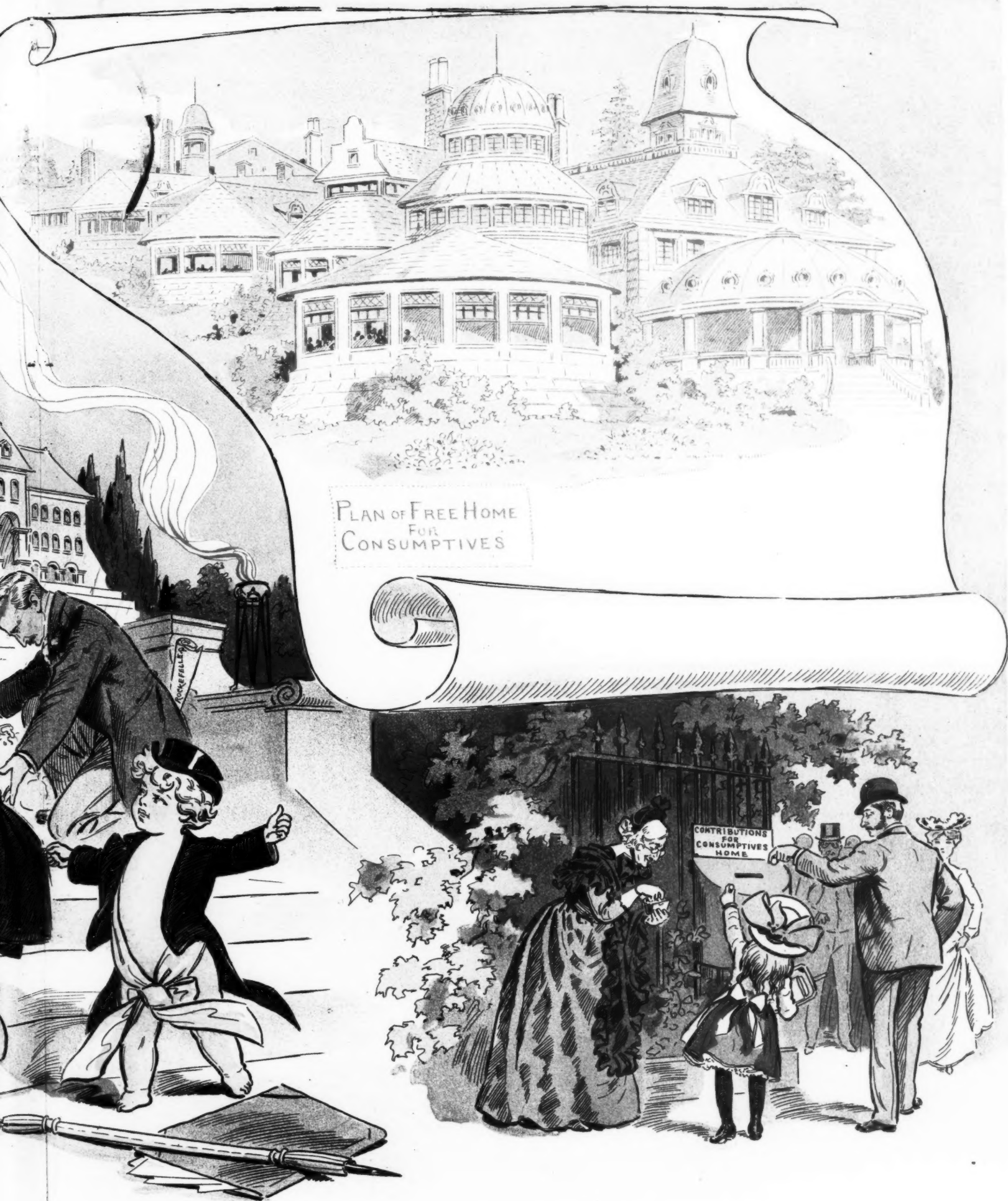
SHE. — Yes; but otherwise he's worthless.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A WORD TO GRANVILLE STANLEY

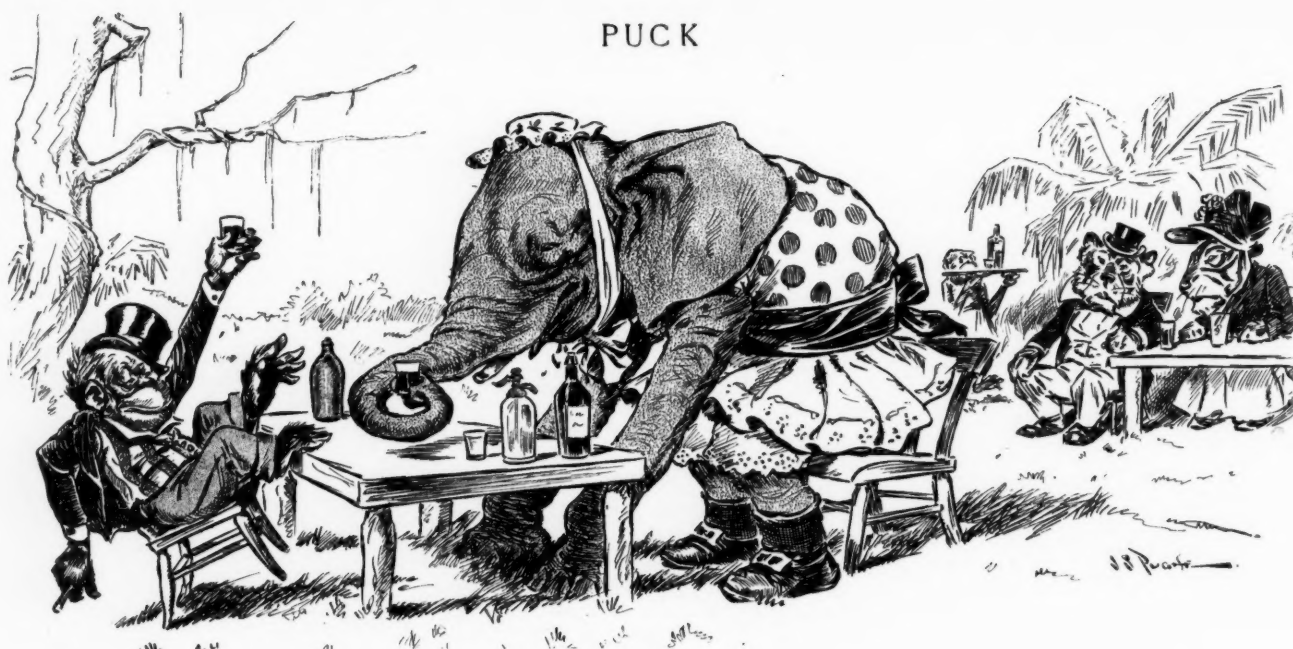
Puck.—You have qualified thoroughly as modern philanthropist.



RAND STAND SPECIALISTS.

as modern philanthropists, now why not do some good?

PUCK



BY NO MEANS.

MRS. LION.—It's costing him a lot of money.
MR. LION.—Yes, indeed. Two can't drink as cheaply as one.

SUBURBAN LIFE REVEALED.

"DID you ever see a nicer floor to dance on than this?" proudly asked the captain of the Lonelyville Volunteer Hose Company, who was showing the city man through the Lonelyville engine-house.

"No; and I see you have a fine piano and an automatic attachment to play it," remarked the city man, quite impressed.

"Yes; and we subscribe for all the weeklies and magazines, and we have got a bowling alley in the basement. I tell you, our Winter dances are the most popular events of the season and there is n't a hose company in the suburbs that can come up to us!"

"I noticed a house that must have burnt down recently. I suppose you saved most of the furniture and only kept the flames from communicating to the residence next door by your prompt response and heroic efforts?"

"Well—er—not exactly. It was

this way: We were having a hose coupling drill and dress inspection of our brand-new uniforms by the Borough Council when the house caught fire and it was all burnt down and the fire was out by the time we were able to run home and get on our old clothes."

C. C. Converse.

ECONOMY.

I laughed scornfully when he bought a ten-cent brand of dyspepsia tablets.

"How foolish!" I exclaimed. "Can't you see that the man who uses fifteen-cent tablets, since he lunches in twenty seconds and lives to be fifty years old, will make more money, on the whole, than the man who uses ten-cent tablets, takes thirty-five seconds to lunch and lives to be only forty-seven?"

The fellow reddened, stammered something about being temperamentally disposed to small economies and edged away from me as quickly as he could.

TIME FLIES, but the orchestra leader has often beaten it.



WHY HE DID N'T.

HE.—I thought I should give up polo just after I had that fall from my horse.
SHE.—Did you?
HE.—Yes; but I recovered.

"In vino veritas" means that the truth is liable to leak out of even an exceedingly tight man.

UP-TO-DATE BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Notes of the National Game and the Capitalists Who Play It.

THE Hon. Mike J. Swenie, who is under contract to pitch one game a month for the Giants, at a salary of \$4,000 a game, and half rate for time put in at preliminary practice, has bought a Fifth Avenue block and will erect a skyscraper thereon.

Prof. Clarence Fudge, who captained the University of Indiana team, winner of the Freshwater Rah-Rah League pennant last season, has been signed as substitute infielder for the New York American League team. Prof. Fudge's contract has a clause calling for a private carriage to convey him to and from every game, and, when playing away from home, the management will provide him with a chaperon. Eight thousand dollars advance money went with the contract.



Mr. Denis J. Flaherty, the crack third baseman of the Chicago Nationals, has a fad for collecting automobiles. Mr. Flaherty has twenty autos in his stables, not one of which cost less than \$3,000. Mr. Flaherty is a favorite in Chicago society, and it is understood that he is to get \$5,000 extra for every game that is not called in time to allow him to don evening dress and attend a formal dinner.

The Hon. Patrick Morrissey, the brilliant center-fielder of the Pittsburg team, was once only a struggling stock broker in New York, with an income of not over \$10,000 a year. To-day Mr. Morrissey almost exhausts the Pittsburg bank reserves every time he has a pay-day.

Newport has been selected as the next Spring training quarters of the New York American Leaguers. A special round of teas, barn parties and amateur theatricals will be given by Society, and several of the baseball players, who own some of the finest cottages in Newport, will entertain lavishly in return.

It is understood that the Hon. Muggsy McJaw, the aggressive leader of the Giants, has planned to establish a chain of hotels from coast to coast, maintained by an endowment fund of \$23,000,000. Mr. McJaw says Mr. Carnegie is foolish to put money into libraries, as this country needs hotels, with real soap and towels in every room, more than it needs culture. He believes with Mr. Carnegie, however, that it is a disgrace to die rich, and consequently this is Mr. McJaw's last season in baseball.

"Biffstick" Hooley, the leading swatological artist of the American League last year, called on President Roosevelt the other day. The President presented him with a copy of "The Strenuous Life," which was not refused. Mr. Hooley remarked that the President looked as if he might have made a high-salaried baseball player if he had not fooled away so much time at politics.

It is understood that J. Pierpont Morgan, who entertained several baseball players at lunch the other day, wishes to interest some baseball capital in a scheme to take up Italy's floating debt. Probably nothing will be done about the matter, however, until the season is over.

Arthur Chapman.

PERSEVERANCE is a Latin word; but it did not ripen into its full significance until after printing was invented and men began to go out among the farmers to sell art histories of the world in eight volumes.



IN EVERY LINE

"Customer say bling laundlee—givee name, number, stleet—no can find clustomer!"

"Well, I suppose you'll have to keep on looking. That's the great occupation in America—finding customers!"

El Principe de Gales



KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

A WISH.

I wish I was an elephant,
With nothin' else to do
Except to join in the parade
An' walk an hour or two.
Then take it easy in a tent,
While people come and go
An' crowd around to feed me—
It's the easiest life I know!

I wish I was an elephant,
To travel 'round the track
With silk-embroidered blankets
To decorate my back.
He ain't so very handsome,
An' his manners ain't so fine,
But he's naturally lucky—
Jus' like certain friends o' mine.

—Washington Star.

CALLED BACK.

"Did you hear how Goggles passed the critical point in his fever?"
"No. How was it?"

"Why, just as he neared the anxious moment the doctor had the boys run his automobile up the stairs and into the sick man's room. Goggles was just going when he caught the odor of the gasoline. He straightened up, gave one long sniff, smiled ecstatically, and then dropped back in a refreshing sleep."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

I respect Truth an' am gwine to stick to it up to a sartin pint. Arter I has pinto out de wind-galls, spavins an' pole-evil afflictin' my mawl, de man who trades wid me must take his chances on de critter bein' blind in one eye.—
Detroit Free Press.

**No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made**

**Egyptian
Deities**

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.

You may have a friend who will die for
you, but you have none who will break in
your shoes.—*Atchison Globe*.



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DIRT, etc., are excluded
from the workings of the**

Marlin

by means of the unique breech-
bolt, which, when closed, com-
pletely fills the opening in frame
and adds greatly to the neat ap-
pearance of the arm. It keeps the
shells dry, so that they are not
liable to swell and are more cer-
tain to work freely. This most de-
sirable feature is patented and
controlled by this Company. The
Marlin Repeater is far in the lead
as regards elegance of outline,
perfection of balance, quality and
finish. 120-page catalog, 300 illus-
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**The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn.**

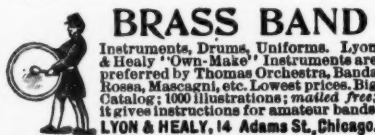
DISCONTENT.

If in worn garb our neighbors go,
We criticize their doing so;
At costly garments still we fret
And wonder if they go in debt.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

TOMDICK.—Id'd like to find some
girl willing to marry me.

ANDARRY.—Ah! You want one
ready maid.—*Princeton Tiger*.

"De reason de race problem keeps
a-gwine," says Brother Williams, "is
kaze dey 's so many folks in dis country
makin' a livin' out of it."—*Atlanta
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sees on it looks mighty suspicious!"

"What you reckon makes 'em?"

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en dey heads hits de ceilin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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"Hit sho is!" exclaimed Br'er Williams; "en a ten-foot one, at dat!"

"What we gwine do 'bout it?"

"Well," replied Br'er Williams, "de water 's mighty col' terday, en dey 's lots er pneumony gwine 'roun', en 'sides dat, you ain't fittin' ter be baptized, nohow. Go 'long home en pray over yo' sins!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



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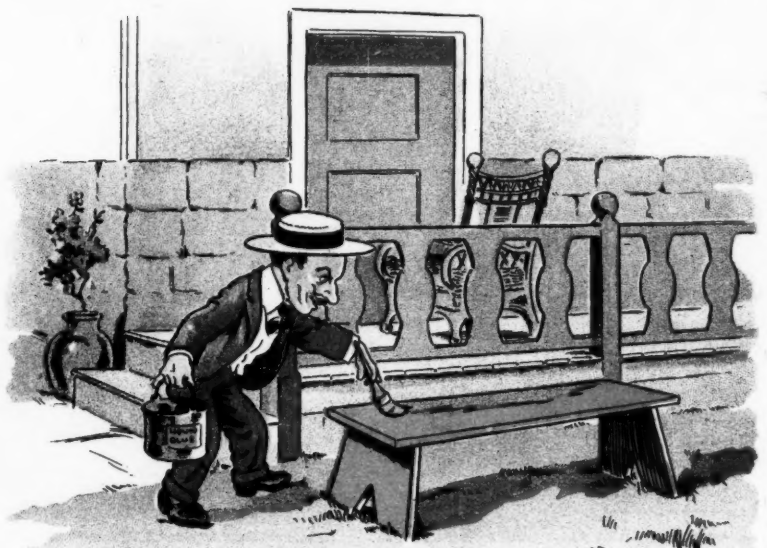
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